

N°3 of the LOVELIEST PAPER in the WORLD

Once Upon a Time

EVERY WEDNESDAY 1st MARCH 1969 PRICE 1/3



This famous picture "The Boyhood of Raleigh" is published by kind permission of the Tate Gallery, London, S.W.1

ALL IN COLOUR - MAKES LEARNING A JOY

CINDERELLA and the Glass Slipper



1. There was great excitement in Cinderella's house. Every unmarried girl in the land had been invited to a Royal Ball at the King's palace. "My son," said the King, "has decided to marry and he will choose a bride from all the maidens coming to the ball."

2. Of course, invitations had been sent to Cinderella and her two ugly stepsisters. But Cinderella's spiteful stepmother threw a bowl of peas into the cold ashes of the kitchen fireplace. "You can go to the ball after you have picked out all the peas," she said.



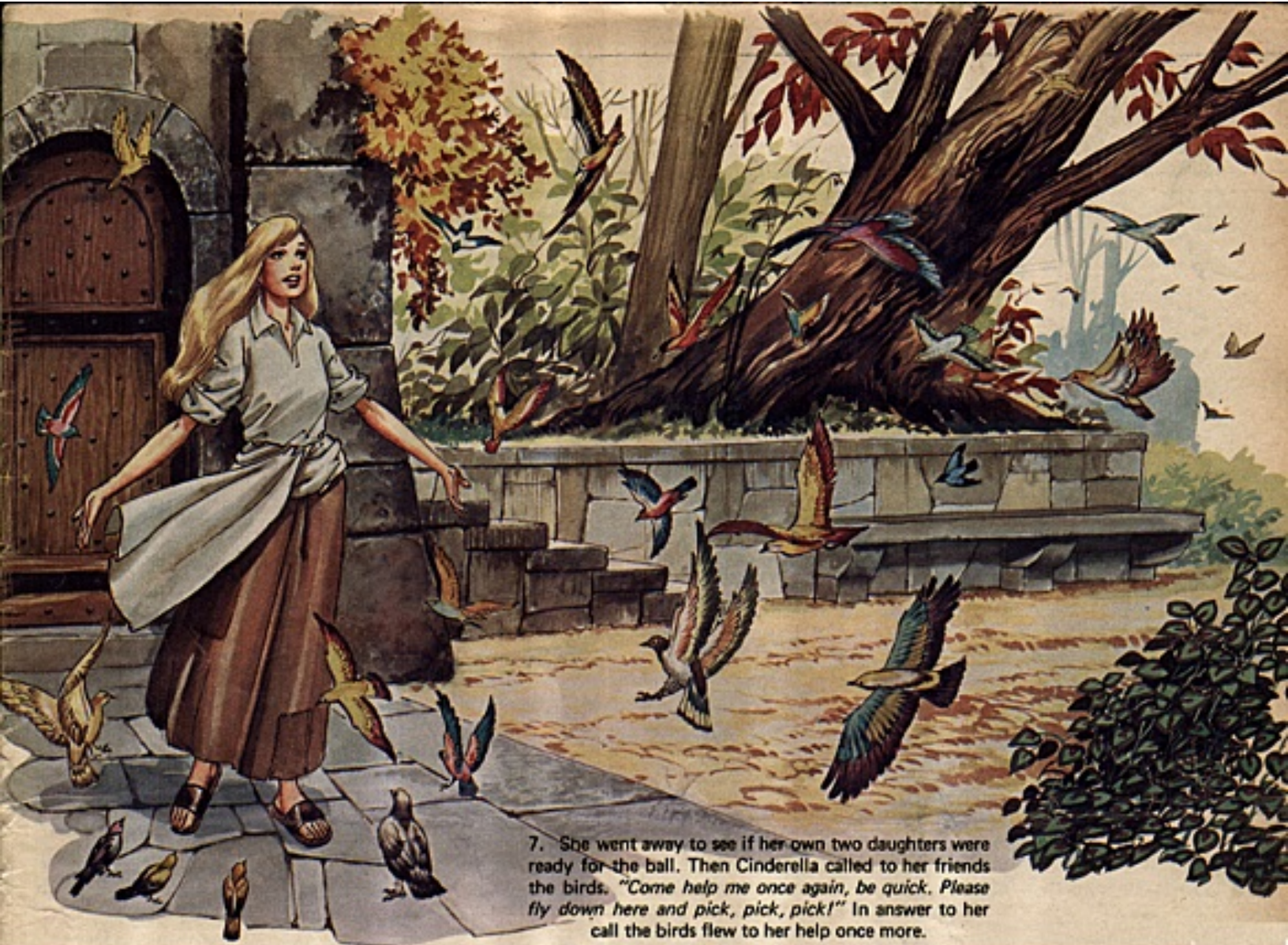
3. Then she laughed. "And you have only one hour to do it," she said as she went out of the kitchen. Poor Cinderella! What could she do? Then she had a wonderful idea. "My friends the birds will help me," she said and going out into the garden called to the birds.

4. Now all the wild birds of the air loved Cinderella and they came flying down in answer to her call. "Come and help me, please be quick. Fly down here and pick, pick, pick!" Cinderella sang out and the birds flew into the kitchen and began picking out the peas.



5. The beautiful birds worked so fast that within half-an-hour all the peas were out of the ashes and back in the bowl. But Cinderella's stepmother was angry when Cinderella showed her the bowl of peas. "You've cheated somehow," she sneered. Cinderella's heart sank.

6. The stepmother went to the pantry and brought out another bowl of peas. Then she threw all the peas out of both basins into the fireplace. "Pick all those peas out in the next half-hour and I will let you go to the ball after all," she laughed.



7. She went away to see if her own two daughters were ready for the ball. Then Cinderella called to her friends the birds. "Come help me once again, be quick. Please fly down here and pick, pick, pick!" In answer to her call the birds flew to her help once more.



8. Within half-an-hour both the bowls were again full of peas and Cinderella ran to show them to her stepmother. "Now she must let me go to the ball," she panted. "I want to go so much. I've never been to a ball in my life before."



9. Cinderella's stepmother and her two ugly stepsisters were just leaving. They were wearing beautiful gowns. When the stepmother saw the bowls of peas she tossed her head angrily and said "Very well. But you still cannot go to the ball because you have no ball dress."

The jealous stepmother has made up her mind that Cinderella cannot go to the ball. What will happen now?

Sixteen Well-Known Ball Games

The first toy ever played with was probably a ball. Of course, it would not have been a leather or a rubber or a wooden ball, such as we play with today. It was more than likely a smooth pebble or

stone which was tossed from hand to hand, much as we play the simple game of "catch." Since those far-off times, there are now many exciting ball games which are played all over the world.

Here are sixteen of the best known.



FOOTBALL



TABLE-TENNIS



POLO



LACROSSE



GOLF



HOCKEY



RUGBY FOOTBALL



TENNIS



WATER POLO



BOWLS



SKITTLES



BASEBALL (AMERICA)



LA BOULE (FRANCE)



CRICKET



BILLIARDS



NETBALL

FUN WITH NUMBERS

THIS WEEK: THE TEDDY BEARS' PICNIC

Can you give the answers to these simple picture sums? The right answers are printed upside down at the bottom of this page.



A. Mummy and Daddy are taking their little bears to the picnic. Can you count how many bears there are all together?



B. Two little bears stay to help Mummy and Daddy with the picnic.

How many go off to play?



C. Three little bears dance together.

How many walk away?



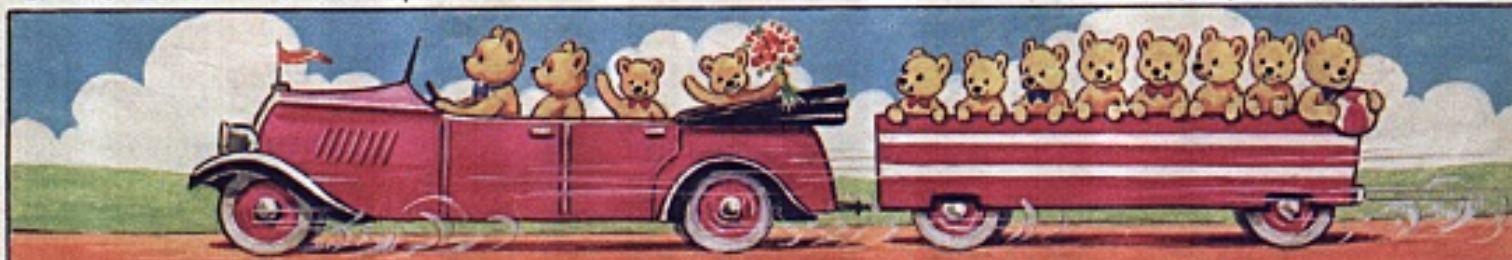
D. Two little bears play ball.

How many swim in the pool?



E. Nine little bears run back to the picnic.

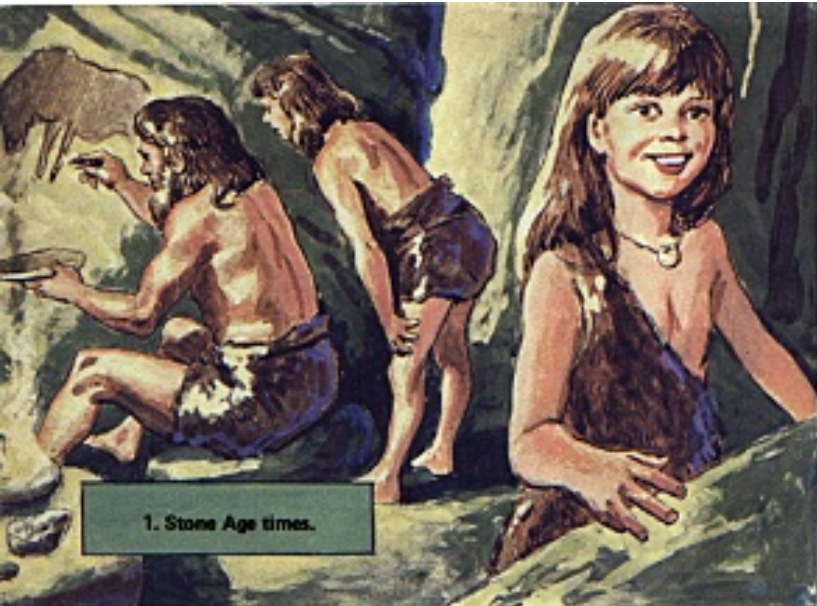
How many stay behind to pick flowers?



F. Two little bears ride home in the car with Mummy and Daddy.

How many are in the trailer?

Answers: A = 12, B = 8, C = 9, D = 3, E = 1, F = 8.



1. Stone Age times.



2. Ancient Egypt.



These are our "Allsorts" pages.
Every week you can see all
sorts of Allsorts.

BOYS AND GIRLS



5. England 900 years ago.



6. France, 750 years ago.



9. France, 350 years ago.



10. Scotland, 250 years ago.



3. Ancient Rome.



4. Norway, 1,000 years ago.

ACROSS THE YEARS



7. England, 600 years ago.



8. Italy, 500 years ago.



11. France, 170 years ago.



12. England, 80 years ago.



BRER RABBIT

This week Barbara Hayes tells you how Brer Bear came to a sticky end.

ONCE upon a time there was a merry rabbit called Brer Rabbit.

Now Brer Rabbit was smaller than most of the other animals and those rascals Brer Fox, Brer Bear and Brer Wolf were always trying to catch Brer Rabbit and gobble him up. So you couldn't blame Brer Rabbit for playing all sorts of tricks on them, could you?

Well, one day, when Brer Rabbit was loping home from a party, who should he happen to fall in with but old Brer Bear.

Now because of all the tricks they had played on each other in the past Brer Rabbit and Brer Bear weren't very friendly, but Brer Rabbit thought, "Well, I will show that at least I have some manners."

So he said "Hallo there, Brer Bear! How are you? I haven't seen you for ages. How are Mrs. Bruin and Miss Brindle?"

Just in case you don't know, Mrs. Bruin

is another way of saying Mrs. Bear and Miss Brindle meant Brer Bear's little girl bear.

Brer Bear replied that he was only fair to middling.

Then the two of them ambled along, side by side, with Brer Bear trying to work out a way of grabbing Brer Rabbit and taking him home to make into rabbit stew; and Brer Rabbit trying to think of a way of tricking Brer Bear, so that he himself could scamper away safely.

I wonder if you can guess who thought of a clever idea first. If you guess Brer Rabbit, then you are certainly right.

As they trotted along, Brer Rabbit said to Brer Bear "Brer Bear," he said, "I've got a little business thought out that would just suit you."

"What's that, Brer Rabbit?" asked Brer Bear.

"Well," said Brer Rabbit, "the day before yesterday, I came across one of those real old-fashioned bee trees. It was hollow right from the bottom to the top and it was so full of honey that the honey was dripping out. If you could just spare the time to come along with me, you would get enough honey to last you and your family for a month."

Now, as I am sure you know, bears love honey, better than anything else so Brer Bear said at once that he would go with Brer Rabbit and find the bee tree.

"You see it needs two of us to get the honey out properly," explained that tricky Brer Rabbit. "It needs you, Brer Bear to climb to the top of the tree and stick your head in through the hole that the bees use. And it needs me to stick a pole in through the hole at the bottom of the tree and push the honey-comb up for you to pull out."

Now I expect you know that honey is made by wild bees and, of course, they are never very pleased if some one comes and tries to take the honey away from them. They are even less pleased, if at the same time another person pokes their nest about with a long pole.

Anyway, Brer Bear climbed up the tree and poked his head in through the hole at the top. He could smell the honey and it smelt lovely.

Then little Brer Rabbit took a long pole and poked round and round inside the tree, stirring up all the bees, till they flew up to the top of the tree to try to get out. But when the bees tried to get out, old Brer Bear's head was in the way.

"Where's that honey? Where's that honey?" asked Brer Bear.

When they heard him ask that, the bees were so angry they stung Brer Bear's head, until it was so swollen up, that he couldn't get out of the hole.

"Ha! Ha!" sang that merry rascal Brer Rabbit. "Everyone says that honey is sweet, but how d'you like bees with stings on their feet? You won't be making me into rabbit stew today, Brer Bear."

Brer Rabbit picked up his heels and ran home safe and sound, because Brer Bear was stuck fast and couldn't chase him.

And unless his head has shrunk again, he could still be there now.

I will tell you another Brer Rabbit story next week.

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A letter from the Editor to all her readers.

Hallo, everybody,

Here I am for the third time, once again hoping that you think "Once Upon A Time" is getting better and better. I am trying very hard to make this paper your very own favourite.

On the cover this week you can see a very famous picture by the great artist Sir John Millais which is called "The Boyhood of Walter Raleigh." There he is in his green velvet suit, listening to the stirring tales told by the old seaman. When Walter Raleigh grew up, he became a sailor, too.

Once upon a time, he was waiting one day to see the great Queen Elizabeth. When she came along, he saw that there was a large dirty puddle in her path. At once, Walter Raleigh took off his costly cloak and flung it into the puddle so that the Queen could walk across without wetting her shoes.

The Queen wanted to know who this gallant young man was and he later became one of her most trusted courtiers. Isn't that an interesting story?

Yours sincerely,

THE EDITOR



This story is a memory test. Read it carefully and then turn to page 16 and try to answer the questions about it.

The Baker's Daughter

ONCE upon a time there was a baker and his wife called Mr. and Mrs. Flower. For years and years they had wanted a child and when at last a daughter was born to them, they were overjoyed.

They called their daughter Miranda and never let her out of their sight.

As Miranda grew older, she felt lonely because she had no friends. However she loved going for walks every day, even though her parents were always with her to see that she spoke to no strangers.

It was because of these walks that Miranda noticed a young man. He always seemed to be walking when Miranda was walking but always on the other side of the road. Every day he would raise his hat and smile but Mr. Flower would say "Don't look at him," and Mrs. Flower would say "Look where you are going." To each other they said "What a cheeky young man."

A year went by and another baker opened a grand new shop on the other side of the street. This made a big difference to Mr. Flower's business which began to fail. At last he had to sell his shop and the day the sale took place the young man who had passed them on their walks, came into the shop.

"Ah, Mr. Flower," he said. "I have just bought your shop but I don't know how to bake bread. Will you continue to run the shop for me and supply bread and cakes to the castle on this hill? Your bread is the tastiest in town."

Mr. and Mrs. Flower were too astonished to say anything but Miranda spoke up. "Good sir, we have seen each other many times but who are you and why should we do as you ask?"

"I am Prince Richard," he said. "I live at the Castle."

Mr. and Mrs. Flower were delighted to hear this and when some months later Miranda and the Prince were married, Mr. and Mrs. Flower were the happiest parents any daughter ever had.



H.M. BROCK





ALADDIN

and the
wonderful lamp



1. A wicked magician told Aladdin that he was his long-lost uncle and took the boy to a secret underground cavern. "Bring me the lamp you find down there," he ordered. Aladdin obeyed his uncle. "Give me the lamp," said the magician greedily as Aladdin re-appeared. "Let me out first, uncle," replied Aladdin.



2. He did not trust the magician and although the wicked man pleaded, begged and then stormed at him, Aladdin refused to give him the lamp. At last, the false uncle lost his temper completely and slammed down the heavy stone slab. He muttered some magic words, waved his hands and the secret cavern was closed forever.



3. "The secret door can only be opened again by magic," said the magician, "and only I know the secret. No-one else can get hold of the magic lamp." And in a great rage, he left the country. Every passer-by stopped to stare at the strange scowling man. His plans had been spoilt by Aladdin for he could only receive the magic lamp from another person's hands.



4. Left alone in the dark cavern, Aladdin tried again and again to raise the heavy stone slab but failed every time. Soon he began to feel hungry. He tried to eat the brightly-coloured fruit he had picked. But they were too hard to eat. At last, after many hours, giving up all hope of being saved, he knelt and putting his hands together, started to pray.



5. As he clasped his hands, Aladdin happened to rub the ring that his false uncle had given him. There came a flash of blinding light and a huge genie appeared. "I am the Slave of the Ring and will obey you in all things," said the genie loudly. You can guess how surprised Aladdin was.



6. But he was so scared of being alone in the cavern that he was far less afraid of the big smiling giant. "Take me home," said Aladdin and the next moment he was with his mother. Swiftly he told her all about the lamp and showed her the coloured fruit. His mother could hardly believe her son's amazing story.



7. But she and Aladdin were in for an even greater surprise. For picking up the lamp, she wiped it because it was dirty; and amid a swirl of thick smoke another genie appeared. (More adventures with Aladdin next week.)



BEAUTIFUL PAINTINGS

Leaving behind the safety of the little town on the banks of the river, the wagon train sets out on its dangerous journey across the great plains, rivers and mountains of North America. Out in front rides the Wagon-boss whose job it is to look after all the families who are travelling to find new homes in the far wild west. In his hands rests the safety of them all. This lovely picture was painted by the famous American artist Charles Russell.

A MAP PUZZLE FOR YOU

Here is a map of our own country, Great Britain. It shows Scotland, Wales and England. Once upon a time these three countries were not one Kingdom. Then in the year 1282 Wales and England became one country; and in 1603 the Scottish King became the King of England too. Since 1707 the three countries have been called Great Britain.



Union Jack: This is our flag. It is made up of the three flags of England, Scotland and Ireland.



St. George: This is the flag of England. It is named after St. George, England's patron saint.



St. Andrew: This is the flag of Scotland. It is named after St. Andrew, Scotland's patron saint.



St. Patrick: This is the flag of Ireland. It is named after St. Patrick, Ireland's patron saint.

London is the capital city of England. Edinburgh is the capital city of Scotland. Cardiff is the capital city of Wales. Imagine you are a motorist. Try to find the way from London to York, then through Newcastle to Edinburgh; from Edinburgh to Glasgow and then through Carlisle to Liverpool, Birmingham, Cardiff, Brighton and back to London.



We will shortly print a puzzle map of Ireland and tell you something of that lovely country.



The Town Mouse and the Country Mouse

This week the Country Mouse expects a visitor

Written by Barbara Hayes

ONCE upon a time there were two mice. They were cousins. One lived in the town and one lived in the country.

This week I am going to tell you more about Winifred the mouse who lived in the country.

Now Winnie, as everyone called her, was often worried about her cousin in the big town.

"I'm sure it isn't good for Stephanie to live in that stuffy town all the year round," Winnie said to herself one day. "She ought to come and spend a holiday with me in the country."

So she wrote to Stephanie inviting her for a visit.

"I must set to work and get everything ready for Stephanie's holiday right away," squeaked Winifred happily.

But getting everything ready for Stephanie was not easy.

The trouble was that Winifred's chums would keep coming around to talk to her.

Little Rexie Mouse was the most difficult.

"Rex the wrecker," Winifred called him because Rexie was just one of those awkward people who seem to break everything they touch, trip over everything on the ground and spill everything they carry.

"Good morning, Auntie Winnie," shouted Rexie, as he dashed into Winifred's little home.

CRASH! SMASH!

As he came in through the door, Rexie tripped over the doormat, knocked over the hall table and smashed a vase full of roses that was standing on top.

"Oh dear! Rex the wrecker is at work again," gasped poor Winnie.

But she tried to put a brave face on things.

"Good morning, Rexie," she said. "At least, it was a good morning until you arrived. Help me to pick up all these pieces and then I won't be cross with you."

"Cross with me?" said Rexie in astonishment. "I should be cross with you for leaving that mat just inside the front door and for leaving that hall table and vase of flowers just where you might know I would knock them over."

It doesn't matter how many things Rex the wrecker breaks, he always says it is

someone else's fault. Do you know anyone like Rex the wrecker?

Winifred took out a broom and gave it to Rexie so that he could sweep up the roses and the broken glass.

But Winifred should have known better.

CRASH! Rex put the handle of the broom through a glass window.

By this time even patient Winnie had had enough.

"You can't help me indoors any more, Rexie," she said. "You must go outside."

Rexie grinned. "I know what I will do," he said. "I will go and catch some fish for your tea. That will be a real help, won't it?"

"Oh yes! A wonderful help!" smiled Winifred, dragging Rexie out through the front door.

If you look at the big picture, you can see Rex the wrecker sitting on a matchbox, fishing. He looks innocent enough, doesn't he? But you and I both know what a little terror he really is, don't we?

So Winifred, who was a very good cook, made some chocolate cakes with chocolate butter icing, doughnuts with home-made strawberry jam inside and buns with white icing on top.

Unluckily for Winifred, her Uncle Scrounger Mouse had heard that Stephanie was coming to stay with Winifred.

"Oh!" thought Uncle Scrounger Mouse. "If our Winnie is expecting visitors, then as sure as my ears are pink, our Winnie will be doing some cooking. I think I will take a little stroll, putting one foot in front of the other and seeing where my feet lead me."

Of course, Uncle Scrounger Mouse's feet led him straight to the house of Winnie the Country Mouse and right inside Winnie's kitchen where he sat down at her table and looked at all the lovely cakes.

Then Uncle Scrounger said, "Winnie my love, are you sure you made those cakes properly?"

For a minute Winnie was taken by surprise. "Yes, of course," she said. "Why?"

"Well, they don't look quite as nice as usual to me," said Uncle Scrounger Mouse. "I think I had better try them to make sure they are all right."

And before Winifred could stop him, Uncle

Scrounger Mouse had taken a bite from every cake on the table.

"How can I offer these cakes to cousin Stephanie now?" Winnie gasped, angrily. "You know how high and mighty she is with her grand town ways. She won't think much of half-eaten cakes, I can tell you."

But naughty Uncle Scrounger was so full of cake that he didn't mind how much Winnie grumbled at him. So long as he had managed to get something for nothing, Uncle Scrounger was happy although he was really quite well-off.

So Winifred turned Uncle Scrounger out of the house and was just getting ready to make another batch of cakes, when she heard Mr. Badger the postman calling her name.

"Winnie, my dear," called the postman. "Here's a letter from the big town for you."

Winnie hurried out to where Mr. Badger was standing. With him were Uncle Scrounger in his red and white spotted scarf, a funny frog and the mouse who lived next door.

"The letter must be from our Stephanie," said Winnie and Winnie was right. But instead of saying what time she was arriving, the letter said that Stephanie was too busy with her gay life in town to have time to visit the country.

And what do you think? Winifred was glad.

"Getting ready for visitors is hard work, especially with Rex the wrecker and Uncle Scrounger about," she said. "Now, I won't do any more work. I will just sit down and eat the rest of my cakes myself."

So she did. And I think she deserved them, don't you?

Next week: A story about the Town Mouse.

Here are the questions about the lovely story on the centre pages. Try to answer the questions and then re-read the story to see if your answers are correct.

1. What was the name of the baker?
2. What was his daughter's name?
3. Why did the baker's shop lose its business?
4. Who was the young man who bought the shop?
5. Where did the young man live?



A colorful illustration of Pinocchio, a wooden boy with a large nose, jumping joyfully in the air with his arms and legs spread wide. He is wearing a white shirt and brown overalls. In the background, Geppetto, an elderly man with a long white beard and a red coat, stands in a doorway, watching Pinocchio. The room has a checkered sofa, a potted plant, and a portrait on the wall.

PINOCCHIO

C. Collodi's amazing story of
a naughty little puppet.

Once upon a time in far-off Italy, a lovable little man named Geppetto bought a piece of magic wood. Out of it he made a wonderful boy-puppet. He called him Pinocchio. To Geppetto's surprise, Pinocchio, although made of wood, was just like any other boy. He could talk and run about and was very very mischievous.

Pinocchio started his pranks by being the cause of Geppetto going to prison. Then the naughty little puppet ran back home. But there was nothing to eat in the house. Soon Pinocchio felt as though he was starving.

PINOCCHIO was tired out and hungry; and having no longer strength to stand, he sat down and rested his damp and muddy feet on a grate full of burning cinders.

And then he fell asleep; and whilst he slept, his feet which were wooden, caught fire, and little by little they burnt away.

At last about daybreak he

awoke because someone was knocking at the door.

"Who is there?" he asked, yawning and rubbing his eyes.

"It is I!" answered a voice. And the voice was Geppetto's voice.

Poor Pinocchio, whose eyes were still half shut from sleep, had not as yet discovered that his feet were burnt off. The moment, therefore, that he heard his father's voice, he slipped off his stool to run and open the door; but after stumbling two or three times he fell his whole length on the floor.

"Open the door!" shouted Geppetto from the street.

"Dear papa, I cannot," answered the puppet, crying and rolling about on the ground.

"Why not?"

"I don't know but I cannot stand up, believe me. I've got no feet. Oh, poor me! poor me! I shall have to walk on my knees for the rest of my life!..." And Pinocchio started to cry.

Geppetto, believing that all this weeping was only another of the puppet's tricks, thought of a means of putting an end to it, and climbing up the wall he got in at the window.

He was very angry, and at first he did nothing but scold; but when he saw his Pinocchio lying on the ground and really without

feet he was quite overcome. He took him in his arms and as the big tears ran down his cheeks, he said, sobbing:

"My little Pinocchio! How did you manage to burn your feet?"

"I don't know, papa. I only know I fell asleep and when I woke up I had no feet." And Pinocchio began to cry and to roar so loudly that he was heard five miles off.

Pinocchio wants to be a good boy.

Geppetto drew from his pocket three pears, and giving them to Pinocchio said:

"These three pears were for my breakfast; but I will give them to you. Eat them and I hope they will do you good."

Pinocchio ate the three pears in three minutes. Then he began to cry and to grumble because he wanted a pair of new feet.

But Geppetto, to punish him for his naughtiness, said to him:

"Why should I make you new feet? To help you to escape again from home?"

"I promise you," said the puppet, sobbing, "that for the future I will be good."

"All boys," replied Geppetto, "when they want something say the same thing."

"I promise you that I will go to school, and that I will study and be a good boy."

Geppetto, although he put on a severe face had his eyes full of tears and his heart heavy with sorrow at seeing his poor Pinocchio in such a sad state. He did not say another word, but taking his tools and two small pieces of wood he set to work.

In less than an hour the two little feet were finished.

Geppetto then said to the puppet:

"Shut your eyes and go to sleep!"

And Pinocchio shut his eyes and pretended to be asleep.

And whilst he pretended to sleep, Geppetto, with a little glue, fastened his feet in their place and it was so well done that not even a trace could be seen of where they were joined.

No sooner had the puppet discovered that he had feet than he jumped down from the table on which he was lying, and began to spring and to cut a thousand

capers about the room, as if he had gone mad with delight.

"To reward you for what you have done for me," said Pinocchio to his father, "I will go to school at once."

"Good boy."

"But to go to school I shall want some clothes."

Geppetto sells his coat.

Geppetto had some clothes that he had once made for another puppet some time before. He gave them to Pinocchio who dressed himself at once.

Then he ran to look at himself in a mirror and he was so pleased with his appearance that he said, strutting about like a peacock:

"I look quite like a gentleman!"

"Yes, indeed," answered Geppetto.

"By the bye," added the puppet, "to go to school I need a Spelling-book."

"You are right; but what shall we do to get one?"

"It is quite easy. We have only to go to the bookseller's and buy it."

"And the money?"

"I have got none."

"Well, patience!" said Geppetto, at once rising to his feet, and putting on his old coat, all patched and darned, he ran out of the house.

He returned shortly, holding in his hand a Spelling-book for Pinocchio, but the old coat was gone. The poor man was in his shirt sleeves, and out of doors it was snowing.

"And your coat, papa?"

"I have sold it."

"Why did you sell it?"

"Because I found it too hot."

Pinocchio knew then that Geppetto had sold his coat to buy him a Spelling-book and he sprang up, and throwing his arms round Geppetto's neck he began kissing him again and again.

More adventures with Pinocchio next week.



The Tuaregs, who live in the Sahara always wear a veil. They wear it to protect them from the desert sands and from evil spirits. A Tuareg warrior wears his veil day and night, and when he dies, it is buried with him.



Here every
week you will be able to
read these

STRANGE BUT TRUE

facts which have been gathered
for you from all over
the world.

Do you know
that
bees
food
than four thou-
sand years, and
that the ancient
Romans were
probably re-
sponsible
for spreading the
growth of apple
trees throughout
Europe?
Apples are very
good for you.



Penguins live in
that very cold
Southern
land called the
Antarctic.
Did you know
that when the
penguin is sleepy,
he takes a nap
sitting up, as
shown in our
picture?



You may have seen
a Scottish Highland
soldier playing the
bagpipe. But do you
know that it is a
very ancient musical
instrument, and that
it is mentioned in
the New Testament?



After the tiger, the water-buffalo is the
most dangerous animal in India. It is so
fierce that even the tiger keeps well out
of its way. It is called a water-buffalo
because it is fond of spending a great
deal of its time standing up to its neck
in deep pools and streams.

